

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
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THE VACATION.

THE picture on our first page shows a beautiful stream rippling along its rocky bed, with trees, shrubs, ferns, grasses, and a great variety of plants growing wild on either side. There are different objects enough in this lovely spot to occupy a lifetime in study; yet this spot is not more wonderful than a million others.

Beside the stream, in a little open space, a family from the city is spending its vacation. Father, mother, Annie, Ned, Susan, John, Alice, Harry, Aunt Deborah, and Cousin Molly, have "camped out." How delightful it is to leave work and care behind, to bid good-by for a while to the hot, dusty, noisy streets, and go to a charming spot like this, where we can breathe the pure country air, and rove in the fields and forests, and pick berries and catch fish, and hear the birds sing and the brooks ripple! Such a change puts new life into all of us; it makes old folks as playful as children, and children as playful as kittens.

Most of our readers will have had their vacation before this number of the "Dayspring" reaches them. We hope that they will have many pleasant memories of what they have seen and done, and come home as ready

to work and study as they were to rest and play. Rest and amusement are good for a change, but not good all the time. It is work, study, the busy employment of hands and brain, rather than ease and sport, that make us useful, happy, and good. If life were one long vacation, how dreary and useless it would be!

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE SEED.

"SEE, mamma, here's my little seed,"

Said Sue, with rueful face;

"You said a little leaf would come

Right in that very place.

"It didn't, because I looked and looked,

While I was out at play;

And so, because it did no good,

I digged it up to-day."

"Oh, that was foolish, darling Sue,"

Said mamma, with a smile;

"No leaf will come unless the seed

Stays in the earth a while.

"So put it in the ground again,

Dear little curly-pate;

The leaves and flowers will surely come

When you have learned to wait."

M. F. B.

For The Dayspring.

POSSESSIONS.

BY E. R. CHAMPLIN.

MEN strive in vain

Earth's wealth to win and hold;

Departs their fame,

And vanishes their gold.

Only who gain

The pure, celestial heart,

Obtain a wealth

That never may depart.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.



WICE during the summer the Ronald children had been to the sea-shore. What a delight it was! The beautiful sail, past islands, forts, and light-houses, past white-winged vessels and tiny, swift-rowing boats; the merry play on the wide, pebbly beach; the clam-chowder; and the homeward sail, with the golden sunset lighting the waters of the bay. All this had been theirs twice, when, one warm September morning, their father surprised them by the proposal of another sea-side trip.

It was tumultuously received, by most of the children, with clapping, shouting, and questioning. But Bertha's face, though it wore a pleased look, was not expectant; and her mother said,—

"Bertha's foot is not strong enough yet; the other children may go. I'll stay with her; I don't care to go again till next summer."

For a moment Fred looked thoughtful and serious; then he turned to his mother with a smile and a cheerful voice.

"No, mother dear, you ought to go. I'll stay with her."

"You needn't stay, any of you," said Bertha; "I shall do well enough, with Katy, just for one day."

But mother shook her head. Bertha had sprained her ankle severely, and for two weeks had been unable to walk. She had endured a good deal of pain, and many tedious hours, bravely and patiently. The day would have seemed long and lonely, without a playmate.

"You ought to go, Anna," Mr. Ronald said, "it was mainly for you that I pro-

posed it; you are so worn with the heat of the last four weeks."

"I would *rather* stay, really, mother; please let me," said Fred, so earnestly that Mrs. Ronald consented. She packed the lunch-basket, and Mr. Ronald proposed starting.

"It's early, isn't it?" she said, glancing at the clock. "Half an hour or more for a walk of fifteen minutes."

"Never mind; I've an errand on the way," and as she passed him in the entry, he added in a whisper something that brought a smile of pleasure to her face.

They all kissed Bertha, and wished she could go; but she was a brave little girl, and did not seem to mind it.

"Now," said Fred, as soon as they were off, "what shall we do first? Shall we play with the Farm, or paste pictures? We might make a picture-book for Josie."

Bertha liked this, and they were busily engaged in it, half an hour later, when the bell rang, and a basket of beautiful peaches and a good-sized box were left, both marked with their names. The latter contained a set of large, smooth building-blocks. Bertha liked blocks quite as well as Fred, and these were better than any they had owned before, in size and number.

The day was a warm one for the season, and, after showing Katy their treasure, and giving her some of their peaches, they took the box into the yard, and began to build a house on the grass-plot.

Rover, the great Newfoundland, had just come home, in rather sober mood, from not being allowed to follow the party on board the boat; but when he found two of his friends and playmates were left, he was quite consoled, and quietly lay down beside the new house, watching its progress as if as much interested as they were.

A little dog might, perhaps, have knocked

it over; a kitten would, half a dozen times; but sensible Rover knew better. Once he put his huge paw on the sill of a side-window; but a gentle word, "Don't, Rover," from Bertha, was enough. The house was completed, and was quite a grand affair; with doors, windows, and chimneys, floors nicely laid in first and second story, staircase, and veranda, porch, and bay-window, and French roof, all in nice order.

"Bless the children! how good they are," said old Katy, the colored cook, who had lived with Mrs. Ronald ever since she was married. And as she drew in her head from the dining-room window, and pulled the blinds together, to shut out the growing heat, her thought went straight on, as it always should, from a simple wish of blessing, into a kind purpose, — to do what she could to make them happy. "I've not much to do to-day, as long as the folks are away, and I'll make some gingerhearts for tea. They're so fond of them," and Katy returned to her tidy kitchen, mended her fire, and went to work with a will, but kept her own counsel.

Dinner was early, and as nice as Katy could cook it, — which was nice enough for anybody. As this was Saturday, she had made a large chicken-pie for the Sunday dinner, and a small one for Bertha and Fred; they had peaches enough left for dessert, and they enjoyed their dinner very much.

Then Bertha dressed her dolls, and dusted her baby-house, while Fred went to the Library, and chose a book that would interest them both. He came directly home, though he met Charlie Rogers, one of his school-mates, there, and was urged to go with him and spend the afternoon. Fred was faithful, as well as generous; and the brother and sister passed two or three hours very happily in reading the new book to-

gether. Then Fred whittled a table for Bertha's baby-house, and she made the sails for a little boat he wanted to rig; and by that time, the rest of the family came home.

Tea was just ready, with hot biscuit and fresh butter, dried beef, stewed peaches, and Katy's gingerhearts, which she had kept hidden in the darkest corner of the pantry, for a surprise.

"But mother, father," said Bertha, eagerly, "won't you please go out a moment first, and see our house? We kept it standing on purpose. It will be dark before we get through tea, and we must bring in the new blocks."

"Certainly we will," and "Yes, with pleasure," said father and mother together; and "We want to see it," said the rest of the children. Rover bounded along, with quick, joyous barks, welcoming them home.

"Yes, come, Rover," said Bertha, patting his great, shaggy head; "you haven't touched it, good dog."

The house was justly admired. The father examined it carefully, and then said, "Yes, it is very handsome, and, more than that, it is *very well built*. I am glad, my children, to see you do things thoroughly, even in your play. After tea, I will read you a little story, that this calls to mind. I read it in my boyhood, and have more than once profited by the remembrance."

The children were always glad of a story; and this is what their father read to them.

THE UNEVEN BRICK.

Two young masons were building a brick wall, — the front wall of a high house.

One of them, in placing a brick, discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than on the other.

His companion advised him to throw it out.

"It will make your wall untrue, Ben," said he.

"What difference will such a trifle as that make?" answered Ben; "you're too particular."

"My mother," said the other, "taught me that ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"Oh!" replied Ben, "that is all very well, but I am not telling a lie, and have no intention of doing so."

"Very true; but you make your wall tell a lie; and I have read somewhere that a lie in one's work, like a lie in his character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not destruction."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben; and he worked away, laying more bricks, and carrying the wall up higher, till the close of day, when they quit work, and went home.

The next morning, they went to resume their work, when, behold, the lie had wrought out the result of all lies! The wall, getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had become more and more untrue, as it was built higher, and at last, in the night, had toppled over, compelling the masons to do all their work over again.

Just so with ever so little an untruth in character: it grows more and more untrue, if the wrong is permitted to remain, till it brings sorrow and destruction.

Speak, act, and *live the exact truth* always, and let truth go hand-in-hand with love.

FOUR things come not back: the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

THE world judges by actions; God by the motives.

For The Dayspring.

KITTY'S FIRST COMPOSITION.

BY M. O. ALTON.

"WHERE is Kitty?" asked Annie Lawrence one afternoon. "I have not seen her for a long time."

"In the sitting-room, I think," said their mother.

"But what can she be doing to be in there so still all this time?" said Annie. "She must be into some mischief, I know, — poking into some of my things, I'm afraid." And the sister passed out into the hall and tiptoed softly in at the door, which she found slightly ajar, and found the missing Kitty seated quietly in her mother's large arm-chair, and bending very low over her slate in her lap. She was sitting cross-legged, like a Turk, and her hair falling in sunny curls forward, while her pretty brow was knit deeply, she was so intent on what she was doing. Her little chubby hand moved slowly and laboriously, and the tip of her tongue was just visible at the left corner of her mouth, as was its wont when Kitty was deeply engaged; while the mouth itself moved in jerks, keeping time to the movements of her slate-pencil.

"D-o-n-t, don't," said Kitty in a loud whisper; and then she looked up and saw Annie, who had crept close to her chair. Her brow straightened, and she smiled brightly.

"What are you doing?" Annie asked.

"Writing my *comp'sition*," said Kitty. "Miss Gray said I must, and I thought 'A Boiled Dinner' would be a good subject. Don't you, Annie?"

Annie was some years older than Kitty, and very much amused at Kitty's choice of a subject; but kindly refrained from laughing, and said, "Yes."

"You know I never wrote one before," said Kitty. "Don't you want to hear this?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Annie, with real interest; and she looked over while Kitty read slowly:—

"Preps some foaks like boiled diners, but i dont.' There, that's all I've got now. You know I *do* like them best of any, though."

"Then why don't you say so?"

"Why, *can* I? I didn't know folks *could* write the real live truth. I thought they *had* to make it up in *comp'sitions*."

"Why, of course you can," said Annie.

In an instant Kitty had rubbed out her work. "Well, then, I'll tell the truth," she said, with a sigh of relief. "I think it'll be ever so much easier; but I've got to run a minute to rest me, for it's awful hard work, *writing* is,—hardest of any thing." And she slid down from her chair, and began a series of antics which might have been very astonishing to one not acquainted with Kitty and her habits. Presently she climbed back into the wide old arm-chair, her rosy face more rosy from the exercise; once more crossed her legs like a Turk, and began her laborious writing. "I want you to keep still as a mouse, Annie," she said, demurely; "'cos you know Arthur can't write in a noise,—he says folks can't think in a hurly-burly, and if *he* can't, *course* I can't." Arthur was Kitty's oldest brother, and her model in all things. Annie laughed, and considerably left the room. Kitty worked away a long time with a very anxious face, often rubbing out words and writing them over. At last, with a deep sigh of relief, and then a merry shout, she ran into the room where her mother and Annie were sitting. "Want to hear my *comp'sition*? It's all done."

"Yes, my darling," said her mother. And Kitty began, after clearing her throat vigorously; and this was what she read, and the very way she had it written on her slate:—

"A BOILED DINER

"Preps sum foaks dont like boiled diners i do. but i dont like musterd on my meet for it is so strong it gits up my noze & maks me cry my sister Dont lik vinger on her Kabbig nur she dont eat Kabbig neether. i! went one day & helpt a man pull A Turnup! i! lik turnups he Was a good man. i will now klose. good by."

"What are so many exclamation points there for?" asked Annie, with a suppressed smile.

"Why, to make it look nice!" said Kitty. "I don't think it looks a bit smart to see writin' without quite a lot of 'scalamations. You know 'twas Uncle Charlie that I went with when he pulled *turnups*; but I said a man, 'cos I didn't want the scholars to know who wrote this, and of course they'd guess in a minute if I'd said Uncle Charlie."

"Yes, of *course*," said Annie, who was now laughing till tears stood in her eyes.

Kitty looked very grave, and said she didn't see any thing to laugh at. "Do you think it sounds very bad, mamma?" she asked, her own blue eyes beginning to moisten a bit.

"No, indeed," said her mother, kissing her; "it is a very *nice* composition for my little girl's first attempt. I don't think Annie did one bit better on her first one."

Then Kitty smiled, and looked happy again.

THEY say that if a bee, a wasp, or a hornet stings, it is nearly always at the expense of its life. Thus a slanderous tongue will damage its possessor more than its victim.

For The Dayspring.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CROSSES.

BY MAUD RIBBERFORD.

At the age of ten years, Eleanor, sister of the king of Castile, was married to Edward, son of Henry III. of England, then in his fifteenth year. When Edward went in one of the Crusades to the Holy Land, she accompanied him; and at one time, the legend says, she saved his life when he had been assassinated, by sucking the poison from the wound.

Queen Eleanor was "the beloved of all England,"—the "*Chère Reine*,"—and devoted herself to her husband and her domestic duties. She often accompanied him during the protracted wars with the Welch by the Scotch, and it was during one of these Scottish wars, in 1290, when at Hardby in Nottinghamshire, that Queen Eleanor died of a fever after a week's illness.

Wherever the hearse containing the corpse of the "beloved queen" rested, on its way from Hardby to the Abbey in Westminster, the king erected a *Cross*, of admirable workmanship, to the queen's memory, "so that all passers-by might offer prayers for her soul."

Of the *fifteen* Crosses thus erected, only three now remain: those at Waltham, Northampton, and Geddington. Many of the others were demolished by order of the Commonwealth, when so many splendid abbeys and cathedrals were laid in ruins.

WALTHAM CROSS

is very elegant; it consists of three stories, all beautifully sculptured. In the second division are open pointed arches, where are graceful statues of Queen Eleanor,—one being arrayed in long, flowing drapery, and regally crowned; in the right hand a scap-

tre, and in the left a crucifix suspended from her necklace. The features are the same as the effigy which lies on her tomb in Westminster Abbey, and appear to have been sculptured by the same artist. "The placid expression was no imaginary creation; and the refinement and repose and serenity that they exhibit can scarcely be surpassed." This Cross must be regarded as one of the most beautiful specimens of British sculpture.

"CHARING-CROSS."

The cities of London and Westminster are now so united, that one can hardly realize that formerly they were two separate towns, connected by a country road, which wound along the shore of the river Thames, and from its position was called "The Strand."

Between these towns of London and Westminster, on the Strand, was the little hamlet or village of *Charing*. Here King Edward I., in 1291, erected

CHARING-CROSS,

originally of wood, but afterwards of stone; one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks built by him to the memory of his "beloved queen," Eleanor,—Charing being the last resting-place before reaching the Abbey at Westminster.

For over three hundred years this Cross ornamented the Strand; but in 1647, by order of the House of Commons, it was demolished, as "popish and superstitious." "Neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection, could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times." Part of the sculptured stones were used in the pavement before the palace of Whitehall.

A popular sonnet, written at that time, is,—

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS.

Undone, undone, the lawyers are,
 They wander about the towne,
 Nor can find the way to Westminster,
 Now Charing-Cross is downe.
 At the end of the Strand, they make a stand,
 Swearing they are at a loss;
 And, chaffing, say, "*That* is not the way,
 They must go by Charing-Cross."

The Parliament to vote it down
 Conceived it very fitting,
 For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
 In the House, as they were sitting.
 They were told *it* had a plot,
 Which made them so hard-hearted
 To give command it should not stand,
 But be taken down and carted.

But neither man, woman, nor child
 Will say, I'm confident,
 They ever heard *it* speak one word
 Against the Parliament.
 One informer swore, "*It* letters bore,
 Or else it had been freed."
 I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,
It could neither write nor read.

The Committee said, that verily
 To popery *it* was bent;
 For aught I know, it might be so,
 For to church *it* never went.

Methinks the Common Council should
 Of *it* have taken pity;
 Because, good old Cross! it always stood
 So firmly to the city.

The locality of this Cross, now embraced
 in the City of London, still retains the
 name of Charing-Cross.

LEARN thoroughly what you learn, be it
 ever so little, and you may speak of it with
 confidence. A few clearly defined facts and
 ideas are worth a whole library of uncer-
 tain knowledge.

SOPHISTRY is like a window curtain :
 it pleases as an ornament, but its use is
 to keep out the light.

THE SHADOWS.

IN the picture on the opposite
 page you see Robert Perkins amus-
 ing his little sister Hattie, who came
 into the garden while he was at
 work pulling weeds, and wanted him
 to play with her.

"What shall we play?" said
 Robert.

"Oh, make a rabbit on the wall,
 as you did the other day," said
 the little girl, looking up with a
 smile from under her brother Wil-
 lie's hat, which she had put on her
 head as she left the house.

"Well, I will try," said Robert.
 So he sat down on a great rock be-
 side the garden wall, while Hattie
 sat on a smaller rock near by. Then
 he placed his hands and fingers just
 as you see them, and made the
 shadow of just such a natural-look-
 ing rabbit as you see on the wall.

Do you see the other shadow,
 which Robert makes without trying
 to do so? While he is busy making
 the shadow of a rabbit with his
 hands, his face casts a shadow with-
 out his knowing it. And so it is
 with the faces of us all. They show
 when we are sad and when we are
 joyful, when we are sick and when
 we are well, when our thoughts are
 habitually good and when they are
 habitually bad, although we little
 think what a true story they are
 telling about us.



For The Dayspring.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY A. E. A.

CHAPTER II.



OME," said Dicky, when his little sister at last awoke, "let us walk on again." Much refreshed by dinner and sleep, yet feeling some weariness, the little one took his hand, and they went on. When the sun was low in the west, they had travelled some miles, and Daisy asked where they were to sleep, begging also for something to drink. A small house was near, and Dicky led her to the open door, and looked in. A stout, good-humored Irishwoman turned round. "Will you give us some water to drink?" asked the boy. "And can you tell us where to find a place to sleep?"

"The saints be good to us!" exclaimed the woman. "And where are ye going all by yerselves, two such mites of things?"

"To find mother," he replied; "she's gone across the river."

"Well, sure! But come in; I'll give ye some supper, and make ye a bed on the floor with my young ones, and to-morrow ye can go to your mother."

So they ate the bread and milk the kind woman gave them, and lay down to sleep as contentedly as if they had been in a palace. They breakfasted on potatoes; and then Mrs. O'Reilly sent her oldest boy to set them on the main road to the factory village, which she supposed to be their destination. "And surely," she said, as she watched them out of sight, "it's meself is afraid that little darlint will be sick; she's got the fever color in her cheeks, and her little hands is so hot. And if Mike had the thought, he might get them a ride, perhaps, poor little dears!"

Mike came back in due time, reporting that the children were proceeding in the right direction, and that the little boy said he had money enough to buy some dinner. And so the little wanderers went on that day, — more slowly than before, for Daisy was languid, and could not walk fast, — Dicky purchasing some bread at a baker's shop, and getting water from a pump at the roadside. Several people spoke to them, some asked their names, and where they were going, — to which Dicky always answered, "Across the river to mother." "Some of the factory people's children," thought the questioners, and suffered them to pass on. But poor little Daisy was sooner weary than the day before, and she did not care to eat the bread her brother offered her. "Will we never come to the river?" she asked, wearily, when the day was once more drawing to a close. And Dicky, whose brave little heart was also beginning to sink a little, asked the first person he met, — a boy of some twelve years old it chanced to be, — "Is it far to the river?"

"To the bridge, you mean? Are you going across to-night? I'll show you the way. Let me carry you, darling; you look tired." The boy, evidently from his dress and manners the son of wealthy and careful parents, lifted Daisy tenderly in his arms, and carried her for some distance. "Now you have only to go down that road," he said, as he set her gently on her feet again. "It is only a little way to the bridge. I'd go with you, but mother will be expecting me. I wish I had you for a sister, little one. Good-by."

Daisy returned the kiss he gave her, and took her brother's hand again. A few moments brought them to the bridge, and they stood in silence, watching the rapidly flowing water. "Let's sit down and wait

a while," said Dicky, gazing at the brilliant sunset clouds with wonder and admiration. "And you can go to sleep, if you like." He seated himself on a large stone, near the bridge, where he could watch the water flowing by; laid Daisy's head, so hot now, upon his lap, and softly stroked her tangled hair.

When the light had almost died out of the sky, a chaise came slowly down the hill towards the bridge. Dr. Hartley was returning from visiting a patient who was very ill, but, he now hoped, out of immediate danger; and, as he rode along, his thoughts went back twenty years to the time when his own beloved young wife and their only child had left him for another world. "Ah, well," he said, "perhaps it will not be long now before I, too, shall cross the river and meet them again." Suddenly he reined in his horse, and looked earnestly at the roadside; then sprang from the chaise, and bent down to look more closely.

"Wake up, my little fellow," he said, gently. "This isn't a good place to sleep. Where do you belong?"

Dicky rubbed his eyes. "We don't belong anywhere," he said. "Mother has gone away; she said she was going across the river to God, and he would send for us by and by. So we thought we would come here and wait."

The doctor took Daisy in his arms. "You shall come home with me to-night," he said. "You will be just as near your mother. Jump in, my boy."

As he carefully placed Daisy on the seat, she opened her heavy eyes. "Have we come to the river?" she asked, languidly. "And shall I see mother pretty soon?"

Dr. Hartley laid the little flushed cheek tenderly upon his breast, and put his arm around the child. "Very soon, I think,"

he said, softly; and Daisy closed her eyes again and said no more. A few questions drew from Dicky all that he could tell of his own and his sister's history, and the chaise presently stopped at the gate of a neat little house. A lady, with a fair, sweet face, was standing at the door.

"Why, James," she said, "you are so late, I had begun to feel a little anxious. Who are these little ones?"

"Stray lambs," he answered. "Put this little darling to bed as soon as possible, Letty; she is in a high fever. Dicky, my boy, go with this lady." The doctor took his horse to the stable, and then returned to the house to look after his little patient. Gentle Miss Letty, who had kept her brother's house ever since his wife died, had every thing prepared; and poor little weary Daisy, undressed and bathed, was laid in a softer, nicer bed than she had ever known, and, after swallowing the drink the doctor brought, fell asleep again. Dicky had some supper, and was also put to bed; and then Dr. Hartley told his sister all he knew of the children.

"And what will you do with them, James?" she asked.

"Keep them, Letty; shall we not? I think our Father sent them to us. But I fear the little one will not stay long; she must have had the fever for some days, and fatigue and exposure have increased it. If you have finished your supper, we will go to her again."

Three or four days passed on: Dicky was growing accustomed to his new home, and contented in it; but little Daisy tossed restlessly upon her bed, and looked with no consciousness into the kind faces that bent over her. She did not recognize her brother, and it was thought best to keep him out of the room. All that the good doctor's skill and kind Miss Letty's care

could do seemed unavailing ; but, one morning, the blue eyes opened, after a long sleep, and a faint little voice asked, "Where's Dicky?" Miss Letty's heart beat high with joy as she saw that Daisy's consciousness had returned, and she quickly sent for the doctor and Dicky. But Daisy did not care to speak ; she put her little hand up to her brother's cheek, returned the kiss he gave her, then took his hand in hers, and lay still.

"She will recover now, James?" asked Miss Letty. "The fever is surely gone."

"Yes," answered Dr. Hartley ; "and her strength too. We will try, but I fear there is little hope."

A few days more, and little Daisy had gone "across the river" to her mother ; and gentle Miss Letty, clasping Dicky close to her tender heart, told him what his mother's words meant, and that Daisy had followed her to that happier land. And then she soothed and comforted the poor, lonely child, and took him to see Daisy, lying so still and fair, the blue eyes closed, and the golden curls clustering around the pale forehead, a white rosebud in the little clasped hands, and a smile resting on the lips.

"She is asleep, Aunt Letty," whispered the boy. "How pretty she looks!"

"But she will wake in her mother's arms," she said. "And you shall stay here and live with us and be our child, till the time comes for you to cross the river too."

And Dicky was consoled, and promised to wait patiently. Little Daisy was laid to rest by the side of Dr. Hartley's own little one, and her grave often visited ; and Dicky never forgot the little sister he had loved so well.

Many years passed away, and, one summer evening, Dr. Hartley, now almost sev-

enty years old, sat in his pleasant parlor, reading the paper. A young woman, fair and sweet to look upon, held in her arms a blue-eyed, fair-haired little girl, about two years old ; and a boy, a few years older, resting his book on his mother's lap, was reading. The doctor put down his paper. "Come to me, Daisy," he said ; and the little one held out her arms to him, and then clasped him round the neck, prattling in baby language to "Danpa."

"But what keeps Richard, I wonder?" said the pretty young wife ; and just then a light wagon stopped at the gate, a boy came to take the horse, and a fine-looking young man came up the path and entered the house. Baby Daisy shouted with glee at the sight of him ; Jamie exclaimed, "I've read my book through, father, every word of it ;" his mother rose to greet the new-comer, and the old doctor said, "Welcome home, my son."

Richard — young Dr. Hartley, people call him, — our old acquaintance Dicky, become a man and the successor to his kind friend's practice — shook hands with the doctor, kissed his pretty wife, and sat down ; while Jamie climbed upon his knee, and Daisy, so like the Daisy that went "across the river" years ago, nestled close to her father, and patted his cheek with her tiny hand. Kind, loving Aunt Letty was not there, — she, too, had passed on ; but it was a happy household that joined in the evening hymn and prayer in good Dr. Hartley's house that night ; and he thanked God often that the orphan boy he had taken to his heart and home so long ago had become the support and stay of his old age.

It is easier to reprove a thousand sins in others than to mortify one in ourselves.

A LETTER

*To some of the young readers of "The Dayspring,"
hoping to get answer.*

It is a still, cool Sunday afternoon. Everybody in the house is asleep, so with a natural contrariness I am wide awake. After reading till I am tired, I am going to write you a few lines, to help fill up the paper, and at the same time perform a promise made to the author of "Lend a Hand."

Being off on my vacation, I thought I would visit a very prosperous Methodist Sunday school, to pick up some new ideas for the benefit of our own denomination, and I was gratified at many things I saw and heard.

There was a pleasant, cheerful room, with the usual adornments; and, after the opening with prayer and singing, I went into the infant-school class, with about forty scholars, and a nice young lady teacher.

She was intent on giving a lesson from St. Paul's celebrated verse, written on the blackboard, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

This she read over and over again, explaining that the word "bestow" meant "to give," and that "charity" meant "love," till most of the older ones could say it. Then she brought out the younger ones to her side, and clasping them affectionately in her arms, she made them repeat the verse distinctly, one by one, and sent them happy to their seats.

Then she found out how many could say it in concert, and then how many could read the writing from the board, — being very particular to have them fold their

hands, — till nearly all had learned it; and after that they sang again.

The children behaved sweetly, sitting on the hard wooden settees for an hour; but there was one little chap whose patience could endure no longer, so the spirit of mischief made him ring the bell slyly, right after the teacher, by slapping his hat upon it. He was evidently the rogue of his class, as he kissed his sister outright, and had brought a little tin whistle on which to perform. But fortunately his teacher saw it in time, and took care of it for him till it was time to go home.

There were pretty little Alices, Katies, Annies, Mabels, Susies, and Grace; and lots of Willies, Tommies, Freddies, and Hal with a rosy face; but, quietest of all, was a little colored boy, who never moved, but could not seem to learn the verse. The singing was very good, consisting of easy, pretty pieces, which they all knew by heart. The music of the older portion of the school was excellent, showing faithful practice under a good leader, and that whole-souled enthusiasm in the different parts that insures a melodious, perfect whole.

The Bible seemed to be the universal textbook, explained by the various teachers to their interested pupils; but the young man distributing them did it with a bang, much to the amusement of a class of lively girls.

With an earnest, untiring minister, loving, devoted teachers, a good chorister and a correct accompanist on the piano, a Sunday school can hardly fail of success.

To bring in a greater number to the fold, to raise up active disciples, and to work in the great cause of elevating humanity, following their great Teacher Christ, — surely that is the greatest victory on earth!

And now, as I have given a slight sketch

of what other workers in the Master's vineyard are doing so zealously, I will end with some of the pithy, bright sayings of "the little folk." One of them was asked if she knew what a polar bear was. "In course I do," replied the small woman; "it's a bear on a pole."

Another darling child, while picking flowers in a country graveyard, said, "Just look here! there are *big beds* and *little beds*, for all the big folks and little babies and the children too!"

A little pet, not five years old, said, late one winter's day, "Oh, I want a great ladder to climb up ever so high!" "And what for?" asked her mother. "Why," said she, pointing to the moon, "I want to look through that round, bright hole in the sky, to see how God looks."

If any of you will tell me something that interests you, or any of the cunning speeches made by the small brothers and sisters, I will gladly reply, and become your unknown but sincere friend and correspondent, "COUSIN KATIE."

JULY 20, 1879.

HOW A BOY BECAME RICH.

A CERTAIN man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said:—

"My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play, and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had thoughts of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

For The Dayspring.

THE BAMBOO CAGE.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

FAR away in a strange country,
Whose sun rises as ours sets,
As here, mothers there are troubled
To keep quiet a child that frets.

In a house that is not spacious,
With children many, not few,
When a half-distracted mother,
Weary, knows not what to do,

She a bamboo cage has, standing
Outside the half-open door;
Therein she puts the *fretter*,
And fretting is heard no more.

For a sudden transformation
Changes a worrisome elf,
By its happy situation,
Into sweet good-nature's own self.

As birdie in the cage chirping,
With queer little slanting eyes, —
A skin like a tawny lily, —
And it laughs, — and, sometimes, cries.

It joins in the merry chatter
Of other caged birds in play;
And no busy mother bothers,
But is safely out of the way.

Not a mocking bird, nor parrot,
Nor parroquet, is this bird;
Yet is speaking queerest music
That your ears have ever heard!

For, in the little cage standing
Outside in the golden sunlight,
A Chinese baby is playing,
Safe kept through pleasant daylight.

Talking in an unknown language,
Laughing, like you, or like me, —
If *crying how*, all understand, —
This caged bird, far o'er the sea.

In order to live justly, and be respected,
we must refrain from doing that which we
blame in others.

FIRST THINGS.

ENVELOPES were first used in 1839.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first air pump was made in 1650.

Anæsthesia was first discovered in 1844.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.

Coaches were first used in England in 1539.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

The first telescope was probably used in England in 1608.

The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

An elevated purpose is a good and ennobling thing, but we cannot begin at the top of it. We must work up to it by the often difficult path of daily duty, — daily duty always carefully performed.

THE BLIND MAN.

As Le Clerc, a great critic, was walking in the streets of Paris, he accidentally trod on the foot of a young man. The young man immediately raised his hand, and smote him in the face. Le Clerc said, "Sir, you will be sorry for what you have done when you know that I am blind."

Sometimes we hold a harsh opinion of a person, and are angry with him; but, if we would take the trouble to inquire, we should find some defect that entitles that person to our compassion.

CHOOSE GOOD COMPANY.

Boys, what kind of company do you keep? The saying we so often hear, "A man is known by the company he keeps," will apply to you, also. Do you seek the society of the good and virtuous, or do you delight to be found with the low and degraded? We can tell what kind of men you will make, and what your standing in society will be, by observing your choice of company. Then be wise, and select good company, and grow to be good men. — *Selected.*

SOME of the ablest men of this world owe more than half their success in life to the well-spent hours of their childhood. The foundation of character is laid in youth.

A LITTLE boy (more thoughtful than boys generally are, but not more so than they should be), on being tumbled into the mud by a comrade, was asked why he did not serve his abuser in the same manner; when he replied, "If I should, there would be two suits of clothes to clean."

HUMOROUS.

From the following paragraph one would think there is an intention to raise tall students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says: "Its board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high."

"Professor," said a student, concerning animals, "why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then another?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

A woman, hearing a great deal about "preserving autumn leaves," put up some; but afterwards told a neighbor they were not fit to eat, and she might as well have thrown her sugar away.

A little girl had been taught by her mother not to say *shall* and *shan't*, but to use some softer equivalent. On reciting her Sabbath-school lesson, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," she surprised her teacher by an improved version, — "I *rather* not want."

"Are you the mate of this ship?" said a newly arrived passenger to the cook. "No, sir; I am the man who cooks the mate," said the Hibernian.

"Mamma, what kind of a bear is a consecrated cross-eyed bear, that I often hear you singing about?" Her mother had sung about the consecrated cross she would bear.

"Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman. "Yes, there's a good eel in it," was the slippery reply.

Annie Moore's gone away to get married,
And her loss we deeply deplore;
Among hosts of friends here long she tarried,
But she'll never come back Annie Moore.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-four letters.
My 19, 8, 23, 11, 12, 20, is a girl's name.
My 14, 6, 16, 9, 2, is a precious stone.
My 1, 3, 7, is a place of repose.
My 4, 2, 13, 15, 14, is "tired nature's sweet restorer."
My 5, 10, 18, 7, is put into the earth.
My 24, 8, 17, 21, is a bag for holding grain.
My 5, 10, 20, is a large body of water.
My whole is one of the Beatitudes.

PUZZLE.

Entire, I am a large bird.
Take off my last letter, and I am a brave fellow.
Take off another letter, and I am a pronoun.
Take off one more letter, and I am another pronoun.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A heavenly body. 2. An imaginary monster.
3. Round bodies. 4. The home of birds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

ENIGMA NO. 1.

London.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

CHARADE.

Sunflower.

SQUARE WORD.

I R O N
R O M E
O M I T
N E T S

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